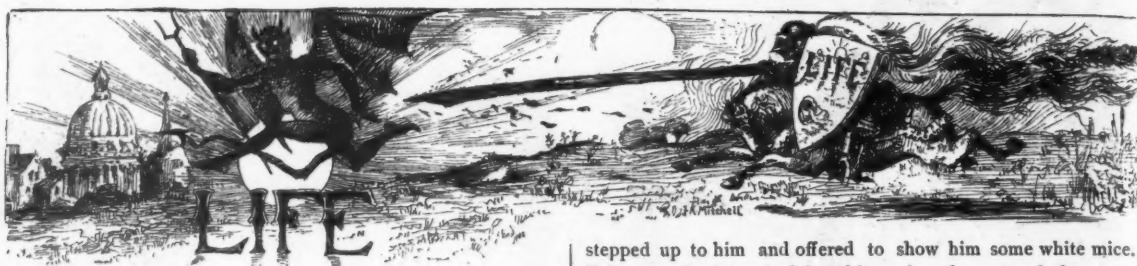




PONEYS?

HELLO! JACK, YOU LOOK LIKE DEATH ON A PALE HORSE.
WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT I'M DEATH ON PALE BRANDY.



VOL. III. MARCH 13TH, 1884. NO. 63.

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THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

AN entertainment to provide a home for the destitute blind will shortly be given in this city, under the patronage of many distinguished ladies. The time, place, and programme are given elsewhere in these columns. No worthier object can be found towards which society can give its mite.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD says that the great public has not wholly comprehended what he is after; and, so far as it has comprehended, has not liked it. This, we take it, is a terrible and demolishing revenge for the late unpleasantness in Boston.

"YES, it is quite true I have gone into the chicken business, and I may be allowed to further remark that it is not the first time I got in on a fowl."—R. B. Hayes.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *New York World*, has joined the noble army waging war upon news pirates. This is very good—excellent good. But what the country really needs is a Society for the Prevention of Piracy of Humor. It is sad to see so great a contemporary as one of those we have mentioned clip joke after joke from these columns without giving a line of credit. Consistency is a jewel; but exactly how our contemporary looks upon the piracy question is yet not clear.

WE are daily growing in our knowledge of nature in general, and of white mice in particular. Hitherto white mice have been regarded as somewhat inferior in ferocity to the Bengal tiger, but useful to the small boy as a means of making home uninhabitable and chaotic. The chief characteristics of the white mouse are pink eyes, an enormous appetite, a searching odor, and a large family. In his tin cage he runs up ladders, slides down strings, spins his treadmill with an agony of squeaks, and fills the air with a knowledge of his presence. Beyond this he is of no earthly use except as bait for impoverished bull-frogs. It is due, therefore, to Cleveland to chronicle a new and important white mouse discovery. It seems that a Mr. John N. Lee, a wealthy contractor of that city, was standing recently in front of a bird store, when a woman

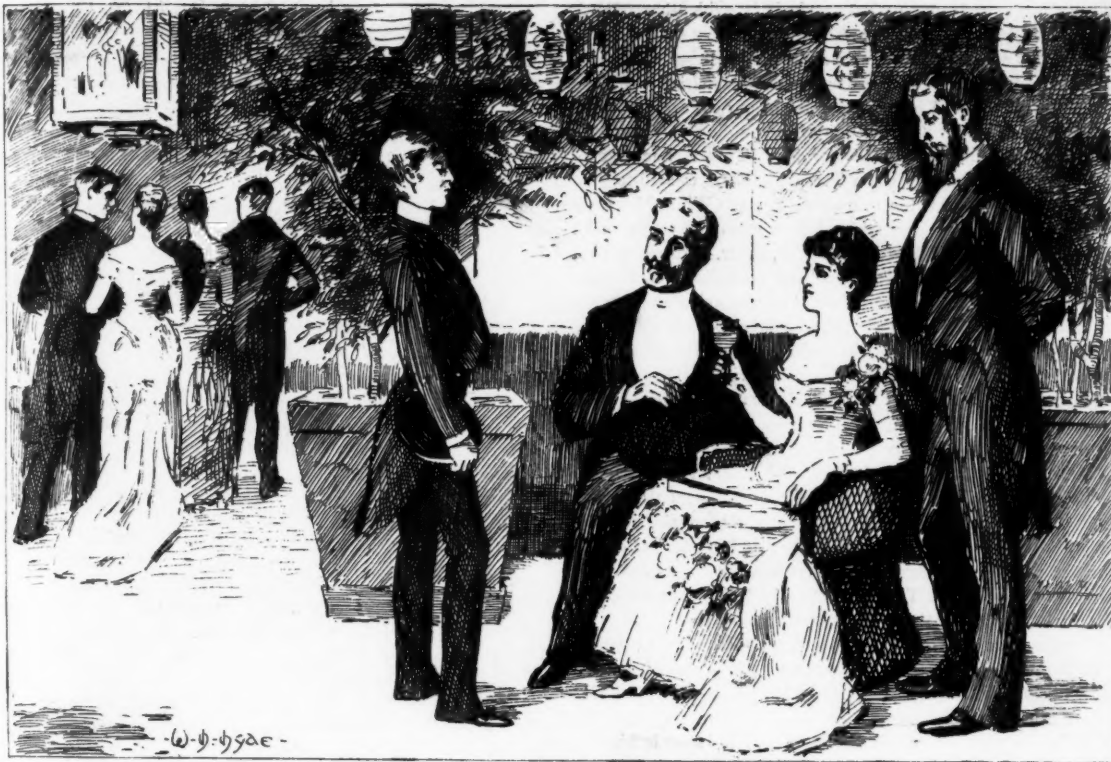
stepped up to him and offered to show him some white mice. Being deeply interested in white mice, he entered the store. His wife saw him, went home, packed up, and sought sanctuary with her mother, and began proceedings for a divorce. Exactly the part played by the white mice in the matter is difficult to see, except on the general principle that mice and women, oil and water, are hostile properties. It is, however, shortly to be investigated by the Cleveland Academy of Sciences, and the secret will soon be known.

SWIFTLY following the tidings of the upheaval of dangerous white mice in Cleveland, comes the news, through our esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, of a raid by depraved Maltese cats on the residences of some of the "best people" in Brooklyn. It seems that some malevolent joker inserted an advertisement in an innocent Brooklyn paper, offering, in the name of a Miss Jenny Lynch, seven good dollars for a Maltese cat. The following morning, promptly at 7 o'clock, a small boy appeared with a cat, and softly rang the bell. He was dismissed politely, and set his cat at liberty. At 7:03 another boy and cat appeared, and before he had a chance to put in a bid, two more boys and three cats. Then more cats and also boys. Still they came. The street was a moving river of boys and cats in chancery, breaking into eddies in front of the Lynch mansion, and dissolving in a whirlpool of free fights among the disappointed boys, and a cascade of escaping cats pouring over Mr. Lynch's fence. Within, Miss Lynch sat in tears and an arm chair. Still came cats. Black cats, white cats, gray cats, brown cats, young cats and old cats, striped cats, spotted cats, mangy cats, cats with and without a tail, cats Maltese and aristocratic, cats moth-eaten and plebeian, cats on barn, barrel, fence and housetop, settling difficulties of a year's standing with vigor and zeal, and filling the air with whirlwinds of yells and fur. Detachments of the Cleveland police were ineffectual, and the neighborhood was practically surrendered to small boys, cats and despair.

There is something startling in this. Cats in Brooklyn and white mice in Cleveland. Let the two be brought into conjunction.

THE growth of the Bartholdi fund is another proof that development is a matter of age.

FORNEY'S *Progress* complains that Mr. Irving has been given too much prominence in the magazines. This may be true. The same might be said of Mary Anderson and the newspapers. This is a strange world, and the lunatic asylums get only a tithe of what is due them. But what really excites curiosity is how the Prince of Wales manages to get so much gratuitous advertising out of notices of the peripatetic profession. He is almost as widely known now as Eliza Pinkham.



FROM THE NURSERY.

Dude (posing for a bold, bad man): HOW DOES WATER TASTE, MISS BELASYS?

Miss B.: YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THEY'VE BROUGHT YOU UP ALL THIS TIME ON MILK!

ACROSS THE WASTE.

SHE.

HAVE you hated me well and held me cruel,
Lover of mine, whom I left so long?
Have you thought with pain I contemned the jewel
Of love so loyal and faith so strong?

HE.

Sweet, should I take what I once had given,
Your militant right to rule and reign?
Let silence have doomed me or speech have shriven,
I prized the pardon or bore the pain.

SHE.

The years and the fates have been very grievous
To you, my lover; as well to me,
They bind us in love, then only leave us
That I both your judge and your scourge must be.

HE.

Darling, I heed not if they but leave me
The dream of your face and the by-gone bliss;
I would never exchange for my lot most lonely
The promise of aught that would kill your kiss!

J. M.

UNIVERSITIES AS ADVERTISING AGENCIES.

THE graduates of Columbia College have recently received the following communication* from its President.

No. 63 East 49th Street, New York, February, 1884.

Dear Sir:

I very cordially commend the Columbia Bank, (Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street), for your personal, family and business accounts.

It has been named in honor of Columbia College, the Alma Mater so dear to her sons, and it would be only a suitable reciprocity to acknowledge the compliment in a practical way.

It is for the interest of up-town residents, to build worthy up-town institutions.

The active Bank directors controlling its management are among the most experienced and successful financiers in the city, and every one dealing with the Bank may do so with the utmost confidence. Very Truly Yours,

F. A. P. BARNARD.

The credit of suggesting this letter is doubtless due to one of President Barnard's colleagues upon the board of direction, Mr.

Elliott F. Shepard; upon whose style it is evidently modeled. And unless Mr. Shepard immediately takes out a patent for his invention, it will be imitated far and wide. Hitherto, the sole connection between advertisements and universities has been manifested by the zeal with which some of our college presidents have sought to attract the attention of the public to the merits of their respective institutions of learning. This was most conspicuous on the occasion when President Eliot is said to have been seen perched near the summit of a steep White Mountain precipice, painting in large white letters upon the virgin rock: "Send your Sons to Harvard." That, however, occurred several years ago. The times have changed, and our colleges with them. It is rumored that, already, the Harvard faculty are discussing the feasibility of forcing upon the other universities an additional athletic rule, providing that, henceforth, each race-boat shall carry at its prow a banner with a legend, advising the spectators to use a particular kind of soap. The advance agents of New York managers hope, soon, to close a contract with President Porter authorizing them to transform some of the windows of the Battell Chapel into stained glass bill-boards; through which the glowing sun will display to the rapt worshippers the forms, more attractive than those of hermaphroditic angels, of Miss Sadie Martinot and Mrs. Lillie Langtry; and in place of scenes from the parables, tableaux from plays first produced at Niblo's Garden and the Bijou Theatre. President Varter is expected soon to largely increase the revenues of Williams College by varying the monotony of his examination papers with advertisements of the works of Zola. And ere long the slogan of Princeton will be changed from *Pst—Boom—Ah, to S.—T.—1860—X*. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, that Professor Dwight will resign his position before he will consent to insert in his lectures upon law puffs of the annotated edition of the Civil Code, which will be published immediately after the Governor has signed the bill this Winter.

HER GLOVE.

I HAVE found such a dear little glove,
So daintily scented and free,
That I've sent it away to my love.
Will a mitten come back to me?

For a message I've placed within—
Its meaning she surely must see;
Will she find the words sweet that I wrote,
Or send back a mitten to me?

To-night I will follow the glove,
To know what my fate may be;
Shall I kiss the hand that it fits,
Or bring back a mitten with me?

B. W. G.

SOLILOQUY of a thief, professionally occupied.—"My pals have called me a bird. So I am, I'm a robin."

IMPECUNIOUS debtor.—"I've been haunted by ghosts all day.—As Robinson enters with his little bill—And here comes another spectre."

Robinson.—"There's where you're mistaken, my boy, I'm an expecter."

A SNOW bawl—"Excelsior."

AN ECHO OF BOSTON.



HOW true it is that misfortunes never come singly, for not only are my half-sister's children momentarily expected for a visit of goodness only knows how long, but in addition, to-day is my birthday, and I cannot but realize that the time is fast approaching when I shall be spoken of as "a lady of an uncertain age."

I have been busy this morning looking through the garret for some Bibles to lay about on tables and bureaus, as I think they would tend to impress our visitors with a sense of our respectability, although they have lived all their lives in Paris, and for aught I know may be Mohammedans or Buddhists. We, that is, papa and I, are Unitarians, but so many people in our very first society are now Episcopalians that I have somehow drifted into the habit of going to Phillips Brooks's. Papa does not go to church at all; he says he is too old and too tired.

We live of course in the back-bay district; it is "made land," to be sure, and the houses settle and drains break, and we have considerable malaria and typhoid fever about us, but then when one considers the respectability of the situation, these drawbacks dwindle into nothingness.

Our means are quite limited—I fully realize this, as I am papa's housekeeper, but fortunately Boston is the one place where money is subservient to mind and culture, and where there is a certain style and dignity in being poor.

I have never married—we seldom do marry in Boston, as it is such a commonplace thing to do, and interferes seriously with our German studies, which we place before everything; for, to be able to translate Heine is to have an assured position in Boston society.

My niece and nephew have arrived; they are older than I expected, both look to be fully twenty. I must confess they are quite handsome, although very, very un-Boston like. They have light hair, and Jack seems rather English, although, like his sister Helen, he is much too demonstrative; in fact, Helen on arriving was



WHY DO THINGS BY HALVES?

THE PRESENT FASHION OF SWEETENING AFTER-DINNER COFFEE WITH ROCK CANDY IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT WHY NOT HAVE AN HONEST REVIVAL AND GO BACK TO THE ORIGINAL COSSACK CUSTOM? HAVE A LUMP OF THE MATERIAL ATTACHED TO A STRING AND LET EACH GUEST PUT THE END OF IT IN ONE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH AND DRINK FROM THE OTHER.

for taking me by both hands and kissing me, and I was therefore obliged to receive her quite coldly, at which she seemed so hurt that I had to explain that in Boston we never show any feeling or enthusiasm under any circumstances whatever, at which Jack seemed immensely amused and said he would immediately have his trousers and overcoat trimmed with crape and try his best to be properly solemn.

The more I see of my niece and nephew the more I fear they will not "take" in Boston society. Their means are quite narrow, and they have brought us letters with them, and seem to be under the delusion that I will introduce them! Just as though I had never learned the folly of doing people favors!

Jack has come over here with the ostensible purpose of going into business, and has just invested his little all in a mine or some such insane thing, the result of which will be of course that we shall have to support them entirely. Helen's object in coming over is only too apparent, and I cannot but blush at such a barefaced scheme. In addition she dresses so like a respectable French actress (if there ever was such a thing) that I am really shocked,—no bright colors, to be sure, but then, to be four years in advance of the fashions is simply outrageous, and makes everybody else look so dowdy. Just fancy her with a large bustle and all the rest of us just as straight and smooth behind as Bunker Hill Monument!

Altogether I feel convinced that there is no hope of their ever being any credit to us or any help in strengthening our position, so the sooner I drop a hint for them to move to a boarding house the better it will be in the end.

We went last evening to a dinner party at the Clarendons', who I know but slightly, but as they are quite at the head of things, socially, I was exceedingly glad to have the opportunity of seeing more of them. It seems that Helen and Jack were quite intimate in Paris with their cousin old General Clarendon, and it was through him that we were invited.

Helen was dressed for the occasion in an extraordinary and indescribable dress, and, with her yellow hair, looked more like an actress than ever,—of course I could not tell her so as it was through her that I had been invited.

After we were seated at table there came that little pause so usual at the beginning of Boston dinners. It is caused I think partly by our heavy burden of respectability combined with the solemnity of the occasion. Helen, however, did not seem to be in the slightest impressed and coolly broke the silence by saying:

"I thought my dear old friend, the General, was coming to night?" whereat General Clarendon peered over the center-piece of flowers that had completely hidden him, and laughing said:

"Je suis arrivé, ma chère!"

"Et le ciel a visité la terre!" laughed back Helen with a little bow of half surprise, half welcome.

Of course everybody was shocked at this, for it seemed so like *opera-bouffe*, and it was really too bad for a young girl to deliberately chaff an old gentleman in that rowdy manner.

After dinner, to make matters worse, Master Jack must needs sing. He selected an Italian song and sang it just like a professional, with great sentiment and expression, and of course there was perfect silence when he had finished, for nothing so shocks Bostonians as an exhibition of feeling of this kind. On our way home I took the opportunity to explain to Jack that

in Boston we never tolerate anything but Franz and Schumann, and also that he must sing quietly, almost sleepily in order to be in good form.

I am afraid that Helen did not like my telling her that she must tone down her manner of dressing, for she replied that on the morrow she would get some green chintz and red Turkey cotton and make herself a regular Boston dress.

Young Mr. Clarendon's card has just been brought to me. This is really being quite attentive, for he was exceedingly polite to me the other evening. He is some years my junior, to be sure, but that is of but small importance. I think my hair will do as it is, and I will put on my plum-colored silk as the day is so dark that it will not be noticed that the two front breadths are new. I think I will make believe that I did not know he was there, and so stroll into the parlor humming "*Für Einen*" and then blush and be very much surprised to see him,—I do n't think I have forgotten how to blush.

It seems that it was Helen that he called on; I cannot but regret it, as he has the name of being rather fast, and I doubt if he is a proper person to be calling on a very young girl, and I positively decline to take any responsibility in the matter—not that I have a word to say against Helen—but I am very glad on all accounts that they are going to a boarding house tomorrow, for after their exhibition of the other evening I feel absolutely certain that they will never be received into society here,—they are altogether too cosmopolitan and demonstrative.

Several months have passed since I have written in this journal, months of trouble and suffering, for Papa has died and left almost nothing, and I have had to retire to the Old Ladies' Home; this last is hard to bear, it seems such a disrespect to Beacon street.

I hear that Jack has made a large fortune from his mine, and that Helen is engaged to young Clarendon: have Fate, Providence, and the higher powers lost all sense of right, wrong and common decency? R. K.

TWO IDLE EYES.

(RONDEAU.)

TWO idle eyes where soft romance
Shows in each sudden, girlish glance
Are looking straight at me, and stir
The sentimental messenger
To string his bow and set his lance.

Down in their depths the love-lights dance
And tease me in a happy trance
Where drowsy Cupids gave me her
To idolize.

Beloved, in the wide expanse
Where rhymsters roam look not askance,
Lest some grave doubt bid you infer
These sentimental stanzas were
Inspired by you. They are, perchance,
Two idle lies.

F. D. S.

If a man gets his nose pulled once, it's apt to make him think of next (t) week.

BOOKISHNESS

MISS Blanche Willis Howard in her last work cannot be said to have improved much upon her first novel. "One Summer" gave her fame, and was an earnest of her power. "Gwenn" is much more pretentious, and to those who read fiction for mere pastime and amusement will prove extremely disappointing, contrasted with the brightness, freshness and originality of the former work. Novels are the books read most to-day, and while there is a vast difference between a good novel and a bad one, the latter has frequently more success, as it awakens general interest, becomes popular, sells rapidly, and by the time we realize that we have been imposed upon by trash its success is a "*fait accompli*" and the author's and publisher's objects are gained.

The scene of Miss Howard's last story is a fishing village on the coast of Brittany.

Gwenn is a daughter of the people; although bold, quarrelsome and profane, she is also beautiful, refined and innocent! She falls deeply in love with Everett Hamor, a young American painter who is spending the summer at Plouvenec, and whom she serves as a model. Hamor regards her merely from an artistic standpoint, and takes no notice of her except to lecture her occasionally in a fatherly manner. Much incident is supplied by Rodellec, Gwenn's father, and two friends who are continually and for no reason whatever hatching dark plots for the destruction of Hamor. They spend much valuable time in this manner, but are invariably discovered by Nannie, the little hunchback, an uncanny child, who is supposed by the superstitious Breton fisher-folk to be endowed with supernatural qualities. One day, as might be expected, Hamor leaves the country with pictures and luggage, never to return, and Gwenn, grief-stricken, rushes to the shore, puts off in a boat, and is forthwith drowned. A young curé, Thymert, who has been in love with Gwenn, on her death instantly leaves Brittany forever, which we wish he might have done at an earlier stage of the proceedings, as of all these personages he is the most gloomy and unnatural.

Altogether "Gwenn," with the exception of a few spirited descriptions, is dismal and unsatisfactory in the extreme, and we are tempted to wish that the warmth of Miss Howard's "One Summer" had not waned so soon.

OUR first impression on reading "A Daughter of the Gods" is that the author is quite mad. On deeper research, however, we are led to suppose that it has a meaning, though we have been unable to grasp it.

The story is a cheerful combination of earthquakes, magic, and shipwreck, and begins on a desert island where the Daughter of the Gods (who, by the way, is a most unpleasant person) is cast away with several other survivors of a terrific storm. Here she becomes possessed of a magic stone by aid of which she makes earthquakes, converses with the elements, and behaves generally in a most eccentric and startling manner.

Her friends do not seem to consider her at all a dangerous person. This is greatly to their credit, as there could be nothing more trying than being locked up by the sad sea waves with a girl addicted to earthquakes and other violent phenomena; and most intelligent and unbiased persons would much prefer the society of a limited number of savages.

After several months spent on the island, and many remarkable performances of a mystic nature, the Daughter and her companions are rescued by a passing ship and conveyed to England, where several new characters are introduced, and the story ends in great confusion after becoming hopelessly mixed and jumbled together.

The reader may be compared to one who, having lost his way in the woods, finds a path at last, which finally runs up a tree.

H. S. H.

[Special Despatch to the London Times.]

FROM THE SOUDAN. ENGLAND'S HEROES.

A BATTLE NEAR TRIKIFAN.

THREE ENGLISHMEN INJURED!!!

CAPT. WATKINS SHOT IN THE FINGER!

SEVEN THOUSAND NATIVES KILLED.

TOO MUCH TRUTH.

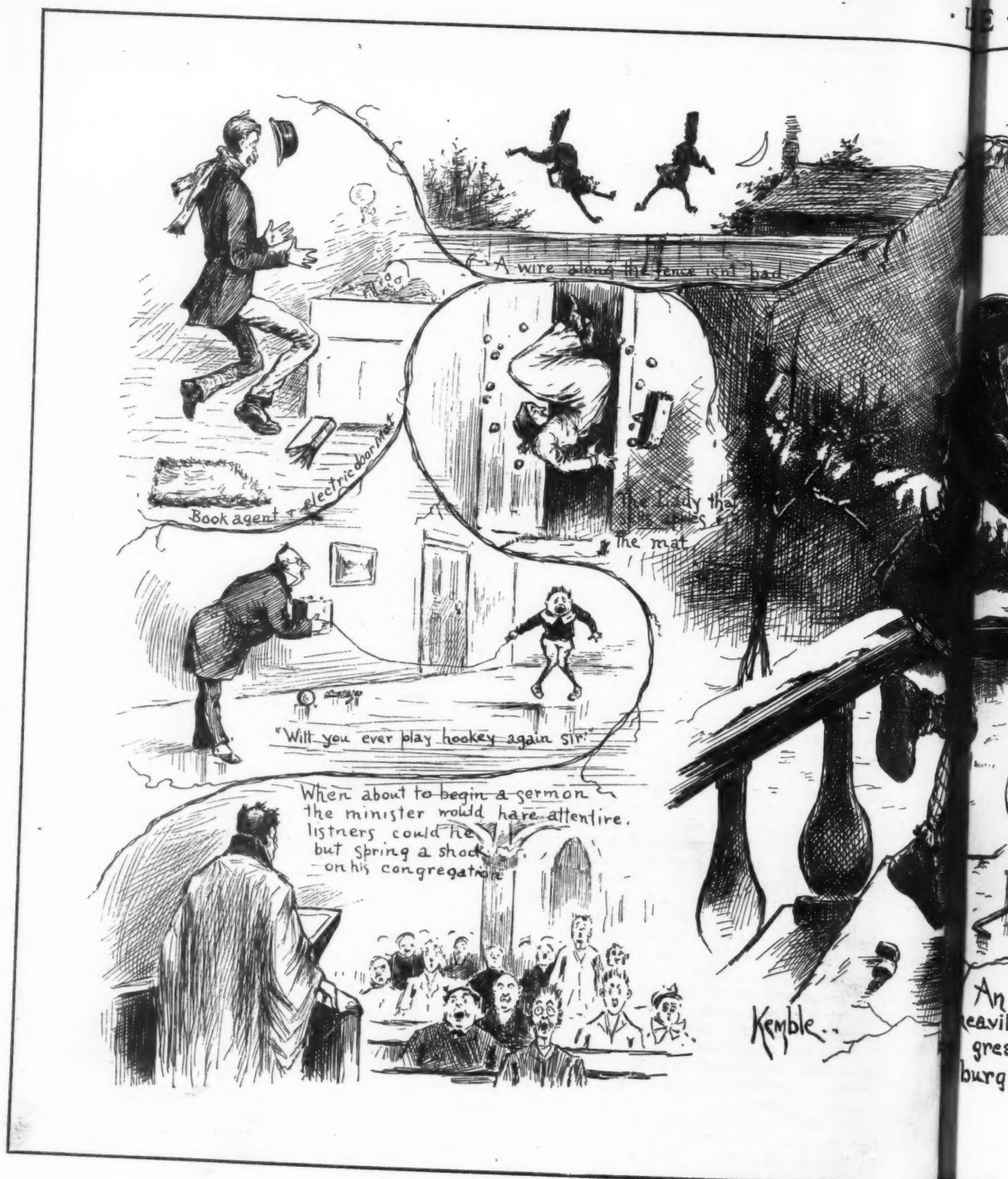
THE following comes to us as true: The Hon. —, recently killed in a railroad accident, was so well known in the State of Vermont, that we refrain from giving his name. He was fond of style, spent a great deal of money, and when he died about a month ago left his wife and daughters without a cent.

At his funeral the officiating clergyman pronounced a discourse of the most eulogistic description, and as he sat down amid the sobs of those present, Col. S— arose. Now the Col. had never hesitated to express his opinion of the deceased, even in the latter's presence, and when he stood up in the solemn silence of the dimly-lighted parlor with a broad smile upon his rugged old face a feeling akin to terror took possession of the mourners.

"That's all rubbish, Brother H—," observed the Col., "and you know it as well as the rest of us. He was a bully in his family and a toady outside." Here the Col. raised his voice as he changed over on to the other foot and looked sternly upon the faces of his breathless auditors. "And instead of whining over his disgusting old body in this way we had better be offering thanks to the Rock Valley Railroad for putting an end to him, and to the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, for the twelve thousand dollars they have sent his widow. If such men as that are going to heaven, Brother H—, why, count me in for the other place," and with a little grunt of satisfaction he resumed his seat.



SCHOONER CROSSING THE BAR.



Book agent

electric door mat

A wire along the fence isn't bad

the mat

"Will you ever play hookey again sir?"

When about to begin a sermon
the minister would hare attentive,
listners could he
but spring a shock
on his congregatior

Kemble..

An
reavil
grees
burg



The policeman would seldom call to see Hannah if the railing was charged.

A BATTERY attached to each restaurant waiter might cause him to quicken his pace.

A small battery concealed in your umbrella would warn ~~thelres~~ to keep their hands off.

POSTAGE STAMPS

An electric door knob, heavily charged, would be a great inconvenience to burglar.

A gentle shock before going on ~~a~~ an errand might throw some life into the messenger

1.30 AM

Hey wifey old gal have yer got that battery turned off the door knob.



AFTER THE BALL.

BY THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

AND so you 've come back to the ball-room
 Long after the dancing is o'er !
 Could n't sleep—yes, I know the sensation,
 For I 've been there myself before.

And so you climbed in at the window !
 (I am glad there are no more spies)
 And you go straight back to that corner
 Where she looked up into your eyes !

And there, where she sat in the corner,
 You are looking with eager face,
 In the hope that she dropped a rosebud,
 Or a ribbon, or a bit of lace !

But, alas ! your search will be fruitless,
 For the place has been just swept clean ;
 So good-bye to the dingy ball-room,
 With its odor of kerosene.



IT IS NOT DE RIGEUR

TO make a fool of yourself—if you can help it. The habit is not countenanced in England, except among professional beauties.

Or to enter a drawing-room with your vest unbuttoned, trying thereby to give the impression that you have dined well. This habit is as old as the English language, but is not considered *distingué* by most epicures.

Or to drop the gravy in your neighbor's lap. If you have so deposited it, do n't look self-conscious, and above all, do n't snicker or make remarks about it.

Or to stand with your mouth open. It will make you look like a fool, and you'll catch flies.

Or to ask a young lady to meet you at 135th street, and then fail to go there. It shows a lack of sincerity. You may feel all right, but she feels left.

Or to eat cloves. It gives the impression that you've been drinking. Eat onions. Then there will be no mistake about it.

Or to put your hand in another man's pockets when reaching for a nickel in a street car. Under some circumstances explanations are awkward.

Or to hit your wife on the head, either with your cane or umbrella because she talks too loud. Practice economy. Use a steel poker, and she won't talk again.

Or to say "turble" for "terrible," or "spurred" for "spirited," and remember never to say "I be" for "I am," or "um fit" for "they fought," or "um gummed it mighty" for "they were very affectionate," or "he busted him in the smeller" or similar expressions which are not used in England.

Or to say "ding it" or "dot dern it" when you mean "dash it."

Or to sit more than four in a hammock—it might break down and spoil the fun.

Or to wish a bride "many happy returns" on her wedding day. Just kiss her. That's enough.

Or to ask which end is his head when holding a lady's poodle. Pick him up gently but firmly by either end. This gives the lady an opportunity to open the conversation.

Or to write love letters on postal cards.

Or to sit with your foot on the table and play with the mustard.

Or to eat soup with a fork. It is more elegant to use a spoon, and you get more soup.

Or to eat peas on your knife, as it has been tried for centuries in Germany and been found to injure the back teeth.

Or to drop your fork at table. If you do, quickly secure it by placing your foot on it, thus hindering all others from getting ahead of you.

Or to come to breakfast in your night-cap—especially if you have invited friends.

Or to wear evening dress in morning—and never wear mourning in the evening.

Or to wear your right eye cocked over your hat.

Or to wear bangles, ear-rings or artificial flowers during business hours.

Or to read a friend's private correspondence because he leaves you alone for five minutes in his library. It has a bad effect on your nose when the friend gets back.

MAHONEY'S MULE.

OF all the mules that e'er you saw,
The greatest on the kick or draw,
Is one that lives on blue stone raw,
Mahoney's bob-tail mule.

He lived when Adam went to spark,
And in the time of Noah's ark,
He kicked when he was made embark—
Mahoney's fearless mule.

In Pharoah's chariot he was hitched,
And at the Jews his tail he switched,
The Red Sea out his carcass pitched,
Mahoney's deathless mule.

He kicked Tom Asten's modest cheek,
And now they pass and never speak,
He limped on three legs half the week,
Mahoney's maddened mule.

W. J. D.

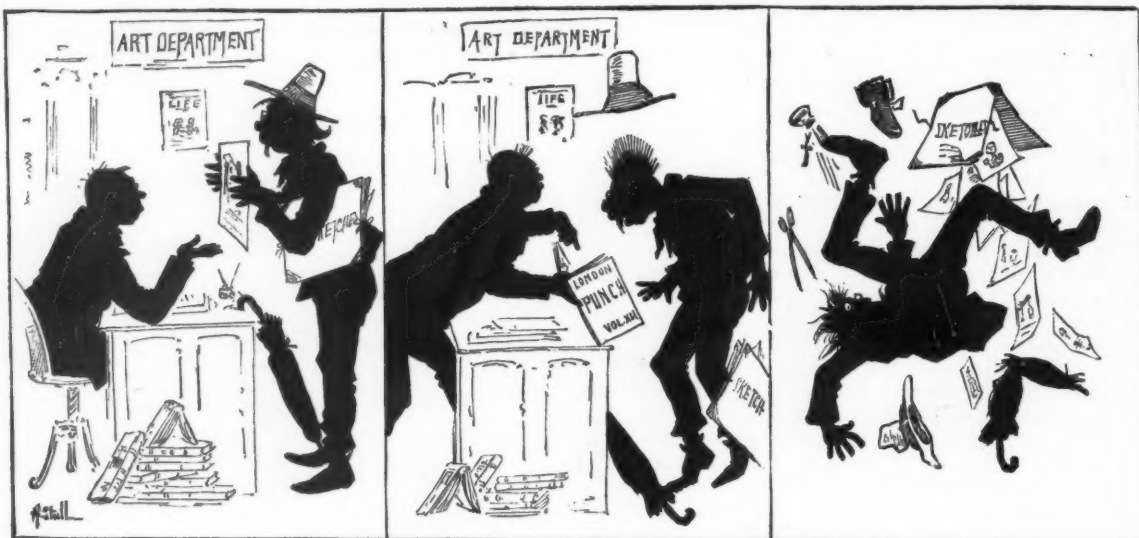
So the "Dignity of the Senate" has been offended! And how could it be otherwise? It is merely the natural result of filling our legislative halls with sensitive and over-educated scholars, who are too refined and pure for the rough contact of the coarser world.

LOVE-LORN youth hoping to excite sympathy in the bosom of his adored Arabella.—"Do you know, my angel, that I cannot bear the slightest excitement, not even to be spoken harshly to, for I am subject to heart disease, and might drop dead at a moment's notice."

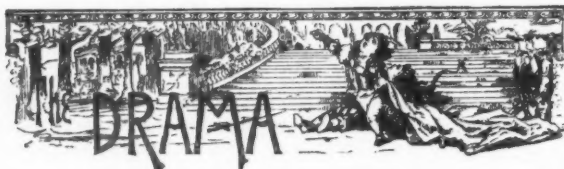
Adored Arabella.—"Oh! dear, dear! Mr. Caramel, please go away, now, right off; go home, or out in the street. It would be so inconvenient to have you die here. Do go, or I'll be obliged to call ma." Rapid exit of Caramel.

ON THE POLARISATION OF THE INSANE.

WE consider the Polar System a mistake. If patients throughout the land were allowed to go wherever they wished in special steamers fitted out for them at government expense, the increase of insanity would be something appalling. The general belief among unscientific people seems to be that the Arctic mania is simply a desperate resort for achieving notoriety. Now if the victims of this fatal ambition were confined in some well guarded asylum, instead of being shipped to the North Pole, it would be infinitely better for them, although, perhaps, a disappointment to the newspapers and a few Polar bears. By allowing them to sleep in the ice house, and limiting their diet to decayed meat and old boots they could freeze a few noses and feet, develop a fair amount of scurvy and consumption, and, in fact, experience many of the delights of Arctic travel, with the immense advantage of being able to give it up when they had had enough.



A TALE OF A JOKE.



BOUCICAULT AND McCULLOUGH.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT is never entirely himself save when he is in troubled water. He is a lively fighter, and he is shrewd enough to know that his fighting is an excellent kind of self-advertisement. Occasionally, he has thrust his billious spirit upon others. But it has happened on many occasions that others have thrust their billious spirit upon him. Mr. Boucicault came to the city last week. He had been absent from us so long and he reappeared so quickly, that the world hardly knew that Dion Boucicault was again in the town that, only a few years ago, set him up as a kind of idol. Mr. Boucicault was to act in "The Shaughraun" at the new Park Theatre. Few persons, comparatively, knew that he was to act either in "The Shaughraun" or any thing else. Suddenly, on the Sunday preceding the first day of his engagement, a Catholic priest undertook to tell his brethren that their souls would be more or less in danger if they consented to see "The Shaughraun." Father Larkin had come to the conclusion, by means of sapient deductions, that "The Shaughraun" was an attack upon the Christian religion and the great Irish people. This was too much for Boucicault, whose Celtic soul rose at once in arms. "I am an Irishman of the best stripe, and I wear the green," quoth Boucicault in effect. Then he sat down, and, after his hot blood had cooled a little, he wrote an impressive note to the venerable Cardinal McCloskey.

Father Larkin must be an exceedingly good man, and it is likely that he has never seen Mr. Boucicault's play. He bears

some resemblance, spiritually and mentally, to the famous Brooklyn fulminator, Dr. Fulton, who rather than recognize the theatre would be willing to gnaw his inwards for the rest of his life on an iceberg. I am not sure that I am presenting Dr. Fulton's desire as he presented it; but I am not far away as to the iceberg. Now, would it not be a good thing for Father Larkin to join Dr. Fulton on some iceberg? They might float together down to the tropic seas and amuse themselves meanwhile by talking over the wickedness of the theatre. It is certain that Father Larkin would convince Dr. Fulton that "The Shaughraun" is a sinful and irreligious thing. In the normal neighborhood and in the community where they now find themselves, both eloquent doctors of Christianity—Irish and Brooklyn—are merely superfluous.

"The Shaughraun" is, of course, a harmless and clever play. It presents a series of quaint, humorous, or dramatic scenes, which have an entirely moral and conventional purpose. The wake-scene is copied fairly from real life, and exhibits simply the curious custom of a curious people. Boucicault has always been a sound Irishman—few have been sounder—and he may be trusted to avoid anything anti-Irish in his plays. His own performance of Conn is a deliciously droll work. This man, who seemed to be an antiquity in years gone by, and whose celebrated comedy, "London Assurance," was forty-three years old last week, preserves his youth with the utmost self-confidence. His performance of Conn is as lively now as it ever was, and I advise Father Larkin to see it.

Mr. McCullough is at the Star Theatre, though his engagement, like the recent engagement of Booth, does not seem to be as prosperous as it should be. McCullough deserves public support, for he has worked patiently and bravely for the public. He is invariably conscientious; he could not be careless, as Booth was. Sickness has, without doubt, told upon him. He lacks his old energy and impulse. He was never light on the foot or

in the limbs; but now he is painfully slow and deliberate. On the other hand, his method is better than it was. This was noticed with satisfaction last week in his performance of "Virginius," which was, at moments, and particularly in the camp and forum scenes, extremely tender and pathetic. Mr. McCullough will be followed at the Star Theatre within three weeks by Mr. Irving.

G. E. M.

AN INSUPERABLE BARRIER

TO A UNION OF HEARTS AND HANDS.

I WEEP and I wail in my wild despair;
Ah, me! but my heart is sore;
I pull out the locks of my raven hair,
And thirst for some red-hot gore.

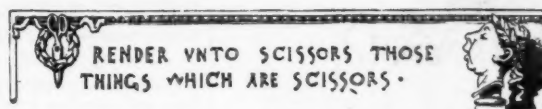
Why?

The land of the West holds a maiden sweet,
And the fairest face has she;
But, oh! she has also Chicago feet,
And that's what besorrows me.

WM. J. DUGGETT.

OUR friend, MacSwilter, has left New York, the cause being loneliness, as he is a bachelor. He advertised for a wife, meaning one with a little money. Age no detriment. In two days he received seventeen thousand answers from husbands offering theirs.

LAUGH, and grow fat. How can levity produce gravity.



MASHER: "Ah would you—Ah, just set my watch to time, as I have forgot my key."

Jeweller: "Yes, sir—no charge."

Masher: "Oh, ta; awfully ta!"—*Moonshine.*

THE "Western Art of America," which has just made its first appearance, contains an article entitled "The Correct Medium Touch on the Piano." If this new publication can bring musicians in the West to the belief that it is not necessary to jump on a piano with both feet it will fill a felt want.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

"How I pity the poor such a night as this!" said Blande, as he sat in his comfortable apartment. "Then why," asked Bluff, "do n't you put on your coat and go out and see if you cannot render assistance to some of them?" "Ah!" replied Blande, "then I should n't be so comfortable as I am now, and I might forget the poor and begin to pity myself. That would be selfish, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHEN Tennyson has time it would perhaps be as well for him to revise his famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," so as to make "six hundred" read "twelve hundred." Fully six hundred survivors of that gallant assault have since died, and there are at least as many more ready to make affidavit that they were there and still alive. Let the true figures be handed down to posterity.—*Lowell Citizen.*

SADDENED AGAIN.

"Boy," he asked, as he stood at the foot of Woodward avenue and looked across to the Canadian shore, "what is the depth of water off the dock here?"

The boy looked him all over with careful eye, and then slowly answered:

"That's the way it's allus been! If a feller wants to commit suicide it's allus some one so big that his clothes won't begin to fit me! I won't tell you nuthin' about it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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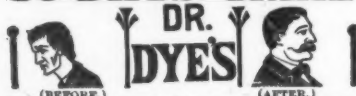
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A VOLUBLE chromo-peddler, who was bragging of his acquaintance with prominent men, was asked if he knew the Marquis of Bute. "The marks of boot?" he echoed, feelingly. "Well, I should rather think I did." And no one disputed his word.—*Norristown Herald.*

GUS (with paper)—"Heard the news about Jowler, of the—th? Bolted with Simpson's wife. We sha'n't see him again in a hurry." JACK—"Whew! he owed me ten pounds." GUS—"Worthless woman. Yet Simpson, the idiot, goes and cuts his throat." JACK (relieved)—"Then I come out right, after all. I owed Simpson twenty."—*Moonshine.*

PNEUMONIA?

"ME husband can't come to work to-day, sorr," said a lady, addressing the boss of the street-laborers. "Ah, indeed, Mrs. Murphy. Then there must be something serious the matter with him, for he is not the kind of a man to loaf." "Thru for you, sorr; he's not afraid of work. He's very sick, sorr." "I'm sorry to hear it. What's the trouble?" "A very bad complaint, sorr. He's got the New Mahoney."—*Somerville Journal.*

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Miss SUSAN O. HOFFMAN, 270 Madison Avenue.
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THE god of the beau—Cupid.

WHY was Jupiter like one of the political parties of to-day? Because he wanted a Leda.

THE boss Fenian in Mythology—the Head Centaur.

THE Golden Fleece of old was sought by Jason. The Golden Fleece of to-day will be inherited by Jay's son.

PARIS green—the fellow that eloped with Helen.

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THE MARTIAL: Rough and rude, with an aroma of macerated clove.

THE PAPHIAN: Kiss of love—"Flatbush style" goes strictly by favor.

THE VESTAL: Kiss on the forehead or hair—not known in this country—somewhat obsolete.

THE ORPHIC: Kiss given by intense men, poets and composers, generally preceded by facial extortion and heaving chest.

THE NEPTUNIAN: Bluff and hearty; the lips being first wiped on the back of the hand.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN: Kiss from your doctor, not valued very highly; generally given as an encouragement to take a pill.

"DO I UNDERSTAND that your cashier is an embezzler, Mr. Goldust?" asked a friend of the banker. "Yes," replied Goldust, "and we had every confidence in him." "Did he drink?" "Yes." "Chew and smoke?" "Yes." "Gamble and drive fast horses?" "Yes; and, so far as can be learned, was never a church member, nor Sunday-school teacher. In fact, he inspired implicit trust, and it only goes to show how hard it is to discern a man's true character by his habits."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

THE TROUBLE.

"THEN you love me truly, Elvira?"
"Yes, yes, my darling; truly, most truly."
"And in spite of my poverty?"
"What matters mere wealth, when compared to the bliss of your noble love?"
"Thanks, thanks, my beloved; you have rendered me unspeakably happy."
"I would rather be your wife and live in a cottage, than dwell in the palace of a prince."
"Bless you, bless you, my own—but—"
"But what?"
"But I have n't the cottage!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

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